THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC
Theological

ALL IS WELL.

Whate'er you dream, with doubt possessed,
Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
And lay you down and take your rest;
Forget in sleep the doubt and pain,
And when you wake, to work again.
The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
And where and whither, no one knows.

T'will all be well; no need of care;
Though how it will, and when, and where,
We cannot see, and can't declare.
In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
Though where and whither, no one knows.

—Clough.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

SAN FRANCISCO'S LABOR PROBLEM.

Recently the San Francisco Labor Council requested the Young Men's Christian Association to unionize its employees. In reply the directors of the Association stated that it was not in business as a money-making institution, that it often employed persons who were destitute or in need, and that it regarded it as unjust to force such men to join a union. The directors also took occasion to state in their reply that the San Francisco Labor Council was the only organization of its kind in the world that had ever made such a request.

This is one only of many things going to show that in San Francisco the demands of the labor organizations are far in advance of and much more insistent than anywhere else. And it is from this that San Francisco has sufferel and will continue to suffer so long as there is this great difference. The workingmen themselves have been brought to a sad realization of this, and have appealed to their organizations in other cities on the coast to make most strenuous effort to move up to the San Francisco position. To this end the sum of $500,000 is being raised in the unions throughout the country to fight the "open shop" in Los Angeles. Los Angeles and other coast cities, the thought is, must come up or San Francisco must recede from her position or workingmen and everyone else suffer great loss. We saw recently what we take to be an authoritative statement that while San Francisco's manufacturing business had been cut two-thirds in the last half dozen years that of Los Angeles had trebled.

Statistics gathered by the Home Industry League show that San Francisco and its environs had in 1904 factories to the number of 4,500, having an aggregate capital of $238,103,663 and giving employment to 44,875 persons. In 1910 the number had dwindled down to 1,398, giving employment to only 14,000 persons, and using an invested capital of only $78,981,879.

The building trades set the pace and the price after the fire and thrived of course; but other industries, which had to meet outside competition didn't thrive and many were compelled to move elsewhere to save themselves from bankruptcy.

Nowhere else in the world are wages in the building trades as high as they are in San Francisco, and nowhere else has there been such ruthless limitation of output. The average wage in San Francisco is 77 cents an hour; in New York it is 57; in Los Angeles it is 56.

Living may be less expensive in Los Angeles than in San Francisco; but it is more expensive in New York.

It has been figured that a man employing a hundred men in San Francisco has a weekly wage list of $3,600; in New York of $2,750; in Los Angeles, $2,700.

This computation does not include the hod-carriers, who get 50 cents an hour in San Francisco against 37½ in New York and from 23 to 30 in Los Angeles. These included would show a greater difference.

Those were glorious days in a money-making way for many people just after the great fire in 1906. There were nearly a thousand of those rich days. Contractors didn't wrangle with the material men about prices nor with the workingmen about wages; they paid what was asked and took it out of the other fellow, the man whom they were serving. That was the easy thing to do so long as the other fellow could be found.

Now, many another fellow, with a heavy rate of interest on his hands or a heavy rent to pay, is wondering where he is going to come out. Insurance money has been used up; industries and workingmen have been driven to other cities; more people hereabouts are living parasitically than ever before; very many others carry shortened purses, and all parties realize that the day of reckoning is indeed at hand.

Workingmen in large numbers have lost confidence in the wisdom of their leaders. Scattered far and wide in the search for jobs, not a few are wondering whether a little more consideration of the difficulties and problems of the employing classes would not be conducive to the interests of workingmen. And among employers and employees there is undoubtedly a greater desire for arbitration arrangements for the settling of disputes in some just and amicable way.

But in all the foregoing we have not solved San Francisco's labor problem.

There it stands! How can the city thrive industrially with the handicap of a higher wage than is paid by competing cities? The unions, as we have already stated, realize that there can be no prosperity under such conditions. Hence, the effort to bring other cities up to San Francisco's level. When the expenditure of that $500,000 in Los Angeles begins some exciting battles will be precipitated doubtless all along the coast.

If this shall not be before work begins on the grounds for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, quite a skirmish may be expected when the management is called on to meet the inevitable demand of the San Francisco Labor Council for the "closed shop" in exposition construction and operating work. Inasmuch as this is a state-wide affair, the tax in support of the Exposition coming from all the people, it is likely that the "open shop" principle will be regarded as the just one. But this will not please the San Francisco labor leaders. And what then? The future alone can tell.

OHIO REDEEMING HERSELF.

Ohio is redeeming herself. The Buckeye State was the only northern state disgraced last year by a lynching, and the courts of Licking county, in which it occurred, are doing their duty and are sending to the penitentiary all who are convicted of participation in it. Three men have already been sent up—one for life, another for twenty years and another for fifteen years.

The man who was lynched was an Anti-Saloon League detective engaged in ferreting out violations of the law against saloons.

Ohio courts are to be commended also in that several of the persons guilty of violence in the street-car strike at Columbus last summer have been sent to the penitentiary. Six are in the penitentiary and seven are in the reformatory.

It is gratifying also that the thirty-three policemen who mutinied and refused to obey the order of the mayor to board cars and suppress the strike have learned that the people think it the business of a policeman to obey orders. When the mayor plead with them to obey his order and guard from violence their answer was that they could not go home and face their neighbors if guilty of protecting "scabs."

Since then they have been given to understand, even by strike-sympathizers, that a policeman who will not obey orders is not worth much in any work in life. Seeking employment, the invariable reply has been to them wherever known: "You were one of the thirty-three. We don't want you."

Men sworn to enforce the law should enforce it! To do other is to invite anarchy.

THE SUNDAY MAIL HABIT.

Chicago Christian Endeavorers are conducting a crusade against the Sunday mail habit, and an effort will be made to close the post office in that city on Sunday. On a recent Sunday all callers at the postoffices were met by the Christian Endeavorers and were handed a pamphlet giving reasons for Sunday closing.

According to figures obtained from a canvass of the postal stations, 99 per cent of Chicago's population experience no inconvenience by waiting until Monday for mail, while one per cent calls each Sunday at the carriers' windows. . To accommodate this one per cent 50 per cent of the mail clerks of the city are forced to work a part of each Sunday and the work requires the handling of 103 pieces of mail matter for every one given out. Many of the carriers, it is said, would attend church services or remain at home with the families were it not for the "Sunday mail habit."

The Chicago Federation of Labor has endorsed the movement, and it is expected that a strong sentiment in favor of it will be created.

Detroit, Michigan, is, we believe, the largest city in which Sunday closing has been secured. But it is operative in several cities in Michigan, Colorado, Minnesota and Illinois.

In his last report to Congress the first assistant postmaster-general stated that about 37,000 employees are on duty every Sunday. Concerning Sunday delivery he says:

"There is a very strong sentiment throughout the country in favor of the discontinuance of mail delivery on Sundays, and this sentiment should be respected. Postal employees are undoubtedly entitled to one day of rest in seven. All reputable commercial and industrial establishments close on Sundays. While it may be necessary to keep the general delivery open, it is the experience of the department that, with the growing use of the special-delivery service, calling at the post office on Sunday for mail is a matter of habit, rather than necessity. It is therefore believed that, sustained by public sentiment, the department will find it practicable eventually to relieve nearly all carriers from duty on Sunday, and that it is feasible to provide one day of rest in seven for all clerks and carriers."

SUFFRAGE REGARDED AS A DUTY.

The ascending percentage of the sentiment for woman suffrage in the classes at Wellesley College may be taken as indicating that with broadened ideas of life and its responsibilities the desire for suffrage increases. In the freshman class only 25 per cent favored suffrage; in the sophomore it was 33; in the junior 36; in the senior 44. Among the teachers there was a percentage of 80.

Inasmuch as the question of woman suffrage will soon be before all Californians for consideration, a constitutional amendment having passed the legislature this year, we quote here the suggestive words of the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, uttered some years ago: "I leave it to others to speak of suffrage as a right or a privileg; I speak of it as a duty. What right have you women to leave all this work of caring for the country with men? Is it not your country as well as theirs? Are not your children to live on in it after you are gone? And are you not bound to contribute whatever faculty God has given you to make it and keep it a pure, safe and happy land?"

LIVING IN THE ETERNITIES.

Dr. Aked's Last Sunday as Pulpit Supply in First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

The auditorium of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco was crowded last Sunday morning. Nearly an hundred chairs were carried in to seat people in front near the pulpit and in the side aisles, and one hundred and twenty-six persons stood throughout the service in the rear of the room.

Dr. Aked said that words were inadequate to express the gratitude in his heart for the expression of confidence and affection manifest in the call which had been extended to him by the church, and that whatever the outcome as to that he would ever be a happier and a stronger man because of what had thus come to him. It was due to his people in New York, he said, that he go back and consult with them before coming to a decision, and it would not therefore be possible for him to make reply to the church for a week or two after he reached that city. All, it was remarked, are anxious to find the will of God in the matter. It might be that things would so shape themselves there that he could not conscentiously leave. If so, he would ever cherish the memory of an inspiring and ennobling visit in San Francisco.

The sermon, Sunday morning, was on a text in the second chapter of the first epistle of John: "The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Tennyson, said the preacher, expressed and applied the thought in the words:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways."

It is the system of things under which we live that is changing, is passing away. Here and there come finished chapters and new ones are opened. Never chaos; simply a new order of things.

Turning soon to the latter part of the text, Dr. Aked

said that it meant, in other words, living in eternity, in the ages of the ages. In reality men live not in the past, future, or present, but in eternity. Everlastingness is not the only idea in eternity. It has to do, not so much with quantity as with quality. And the man in whose heart God has set eternity will not be satisfied to swim in a pool; for him are all the shoreless seas of God. He is one with the mountains and the stars, one with the placid noble river, and one with the slanting moonbeam on the world's great seas. These speak of the vastness with which the soul is stamped and lift it away from material things to the spirit that is in them and back of them.

Life, it was shown, was not bravely and sweetly lived unless we know that we live all the while in eternity. And the plea was for practical men living in the power of the ideal. The man the world needs is the one with lofty and clear-cut principles, with a will to abide by them and to apply them little by little, step by step, whether the world accepts them or not. Such live in eternity, in the sweep of the ages, for they are governed by the things that shall surely crown the ages. Here is the path of divine consistency and of conquest.

In a beautiful word-picture Dr. Aked set forth those years of English history, out of the turmoil and darkness and almost seeming chaos of which came Puritanism, and declared that all that is sanest and sweetest in the American republic was a gift of those years, and that even though the United States should be blotted from the globe the honor and conscience of it all would go on forever. For the men and women of the spirit, they who keep the sacred fires burning on God's wide altars—they are one with the forces making for immortality.

What Dr. Aked says grips his hearers, and they have an inspiration to go out and to endeavor to be the men and women it is evident to them from his words God would have them to be. If he comes to San Francisco he will be a great power for good. Men from near and far will go to hear him and they will be impelled to action—will be lifted up from the domination of the material to life in the spirit.

Speaking some years ago concerning cities, that great pulpit orator, Dr. Richard S. Storrs said:

"Cities have always been powers in history. Athens educated Greece as well as adorned it, while Corinth filled the throbbing and thirsty Hellenic veins with poisoned blood. The weight of Constantinople broke the Roman empire asunder. The capture of the same magnificent city gave to the Turks their establishment in Europe for the following centuries. Even where they have not had such a commanding pre-eminence of location, the social, political, moral force proceeding from cities has been vigorous in impression, immense in extent. The passion of Paris, for a hundred years, has created or directed the sentiment of France. Berlin is more than the legislative or administrative center of the German Empire. Even a government as autocratic as that of the Czar, in a country as undeveloped as Russia, has to consult the popular feeling of St. Petersburg or Moscow."

San Francisco is destined to be one of the world's great cities. Therefore, for both the city and the world, the need is that there shall stand in the downtown pulpit of the First Congregational Church a man who can speak to her metropolitan and cosmopolitan life with impelling voice. So will it be for the good of men and the glory of God!

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Approximately one million persons in the United States own railroad stock, an average $13,600 each.

A great out-door amphitheater which will seat 4200 persons is to be arranged for Roosevelt's address in Pasadena.

According to the last census of religious bodies the percentage of men in the membership of the Protestant churches in the United States is 39.3. Of women it is 60.7.

In one of the leading addresses at the last meeting of the American Medical Association a strong plea was made for co-operation on the part of the churches in giving instruction to the young in sex hygiene.

A much larger percentage of girls than boys measure up to the requirements of the public schools. They learn more quickly, pass examinations and adjust themselves more successfully to the whole school regime.

The married folk and the unmarried in an Indiana town had a spelling contest recently. The former won. The younger generations are poorer spellers than the older. Perhaps the old-fashioned spelling-match, now rather obsolete, had much to do with the difference.

Three thousand of England's worst criminals have been carefully examined during the last few years in regard to family history, mental and physical characteristics, etc., and the conclusion of the whole investigation is "that there is no criminal type;" that these men, properly cared for in earlier years, would have become normal members of society.

In one missionary field in New York City comprising only a few blocks forty-three different languages are spoken. Among the foreigners there are 10,000 Russians, many of them, it is said, driven into exile by tyranny, many of them revolutionists of a pronounced type. A large number of them have lost all interest in the Greek church and are drifting religiously.

The Daily Journal, of Providence, Rhode Island, comments as follows on "The Fading Denominational Line:" "An indication of the lessened significance of denominational lines is found in the report that Rev. Dr. Aked of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York may be called to the First Congregational Church in San Francisco. Presbyterian and Congregational clergymen serve the churches of the two denominations interchangeably, but the gulf between the Baptists and the Congregationalists has been far wider in the past, in spite of the essential identity of their systems of government."

A secretary of the student volunteer movement writes in the Journal of the American Medical Association of the opportunities for physicians in mission lands. Thirty vacant fields for medical men and twenty-two for medical women, with no competition and unlimited opportunities for original research have been brought to his attention by various missionary societies. Some hospitals have had to be closed for lack of workers. For men of pioneer instincts there are great fields entirely unoccupied; while for expert surgeons there is work at hand which is already self-supporting. The work demands those of heroic mold, who want to find the place where their medical skill is

needed and where all their training will be utilized to the utmost. It demands devotion, wide sympathy and earnest purpose.

There are about ten thousand Hindoos in California. They are low caste Hindoos and are the mast ignorant and perhaps the most debased of our Oriental immigrants. A Pacific Coast missionary superintendent saw not long ago a group of sixteen of these Hindoos trying to get an international money order. He writes: "Not one in the crowd could write his name, and as the postmaster required a signature from somebody, the sixteen tramped four miles to a beet farm and back, bringing with them a compatriot who could make an alleged signature. Distributing Testaments to people of this type is a waste of time and money; only personal evangelism through personal contact is possible. And in all California only four men are, so far known, able to speak the dialect of the district from which these Hindoos came. They are untouched by the gospel, walled in by their own prejudices as well as by ours, ignorant, unclean and superstitious. A Hindoo temple in San Francisco, costing some sixty thousand dollars, is probably to them the most intelligible institution in America.

"ONE GOD, THE FATHER."

Wood & Cowdrey of Oakland have published in pamphlet form a sermon on "One God, the Father," which was given by the Rev. Charles R. Brown in the Old South Church, Boston, on Sunday, January 29. The text was "Though there be many that are called gods, to us there is but one God, the Father."

Starting with the command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," Mr. Brown showed that the real sin of idolatry lies in setting up something in the place of God which is not God; that idols can be shaped out of thoughts as well as out of clay.

"Here is a man who thinks of the Infinite as blind, brute force, like the power of gravitation or the sweep of the mighty ocean. Gravitation will violently hurl to the pavement below a saint or a sot with apparent indifference if either one loses his balance and topples out of the fifth story window. The mighty ocean will drown prophet or a rat with equal readiness if either one finds himself overboard and far from land.

"And there are those who think of the Infinite as blind, unreasoning, purposeless Force; they look up at this inexorable thing, and say, "Thou art God!"

"Other men think of God as possessing a certain character; but it is a narrow, vindictive sort of character. He is a being friendly to the people of a certain race, the Jews perhaps, but not to the Gentiles. He is interested in people who have been baptized in one particular way, but not in the rest of mankind. He holds out his hand to those who find themselves able to accept one particular philosophy of religious belief, stated it may be in terms which few of them really understand, but which they are ready to swear by strongly. He is a being who is eager, rather than otherwise, to catch his people in wrong-doing, a kind of supreme detective ferreting out the wickedness behind the door, and then publishing it fearfully and endlessly. He is a God who is interested chiefly in the ecclesiastical activities of people —is very attentive to the things they do in sacred buildings and on sacred days and in connection with certain sacred ceremonies, but feels much less concern as to those secular interests, which after all consume the bulk of their time an strength."

After presenting these inaccurate, unworthy conceptions of God, Mr. Brown turns to consider Him as Father, and says in a concluding paragraph:

"When the path of moral obligation is seen to lie side by side with the far-reaching beneficent purpose of the Father, when the outcome of it is felt to be something which will utterly transcend anything in sight as yet because it is taken up into the completeness of his cosmic aims, then each man's strength becomes the strength of ten. To honestly, steadily and bravely strive to do what is right gives us a sense of participation in an august moral enterprise presided over by the Father of the family and shared in by all who undertake to live the filial life. There is but one God the Father, and to do one's duty, is to share actively in the accomplishment of his sublime plans for his children. It makes the life eternal seem near and real. What man of you who is a father, who would desire to live on endlessly without his children? Bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, love of your love, and life of your life they are. Little images of your own face, and the face of that dear companion of your life, look up at you and you yearn over them and plan for their well-being with an affectionate interest that defies expression. How much more shall your Father in heaven hold a like attitude toward his children today and forever. It matters not what masses of intellectual confusion pile up around you for an hour! It matters not though physical dissolution takes away the visible agent which you have long associated with some loved spirit. It matters not that you cannot picture to yourself the conditions and employments of that life to come! This is but the frame of the picture —the picture itself is apart from all this and at the center there looks out upon us the face of One who is the Father. To us there is but one God, the Father, and because He lives we shall live also and always."

HOW MIRACLES ABOUND.

How miracles abound
In each small plot of ground!—
Aye, in the sky above it!
(Do you not love it,
The vast of sky a-thrill with lyric sound!)
Now comes, now goes,
The wonder of the rose;
Color of bower, and both a boon
Renewed with dawn or June.
Each day the hyacinthine twilight fills
The chalice of the hills.
Ever there's some fresh nectary
For the knight-errant bee.
And song—ah, the blithe bounty that sheds beauty
On the stern ways of duty!
Forsooth, the doctrine's sound
That miracles abound!
E'en the green sod,
Yea, or the umbered clod,
Revealeth God!

All who would joy win
Must share it;—happiness was born a twin.

—Byron.

AN ADDRESS ON CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

The Rev. W. A. Ward of St. Louis, secretary of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, spoke to the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday on "Christian Socialism."

The address was a good one, but the pastors felt, after hearing it, and reasonably so, that it was an exhortation to them to do what they already were doing, and that all that was vital in the address was proclaimed in one way and another today in most Christian pulpits.

In one or two of his utterances we are of opinion that Mr. Ward was extreme. For example, the declaration that it would be impossible for Jesus, teaching as he did, to hold a modern pulpit for six months; and the assertion that there is more rejoicing over one rich man who professes repentance than over 99 poor men. That might be the case in some churches; but it is not so in many. Such remarks are too sweeping.

Among the words of Mr. Ward worth pondering over were: "If the kingdom of God ever comes economically, it will solve the problem of poverty. Then, there will be no poverty."

A further remark to be considered is this one: "The kingdom of God has not come and cannot come under capitalism."

No, it hasn't come; and the indications are that it never will come without a modification of the capitalistic system. But it is being modified, and with further modifications may be found to be preferable to socialism.

The Rev. Alexander Irvine, another Christian Socialist of national reputation, was present and spoke briefly and in a delightful manner.

Mr. Irvine was at one time assistant pastor of a wealthy church in New York City. When his socialistic proclivities were found to be making trouble in the church, two very wealthy members who did not object to his teachings, but thought the church not just the place for their promulgation, offered to bear the expense of several thousand dollars for a theater in which he might speak, but he preferred to ally himself fully with the Socialists.

A friend of the Rev. E. L. Walz of Green Street Church, San Francisco, he is to speak there next Saturday evening.

OREGON AND HER TWO STATE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

At a time when some of the Southern California people are clamoring for a state university or a technical institute, the experience of Oregon with two educational institutions will be found suggestive.

Under the caption "Unite the Schools," the Daily Oregonian said editorially, in the issue for February 22:

"The State of Oregon would profit in many ways if the Agricultural College and the State University were situated in the same town and had the same Board of Regents and faculty. In other words, it would be of immense advantage to students, teachers and especially to the taxpayers, if the two rival institutions were merged into one. The Oregonian does not say this out of hostility to either school. It is as friendly as possible to both of them. Nor have we any choice of situation. It would please us just as well to see the new and better institution established at Eugene as at Corvallis. Perhaps we should be as well satisfied were some third place chosen for the site, but this is a matter of indifference so far as this paper is concerned. What we desire is that increase of efficiency and economy which would certainly follow upon the union of the competing schools under a single management and faculty.

"The students would gain by the union of the two institutions. Better buildings and apparatus could be provided for them. Better instructors could be employed. They could pursue their studies under more modern conditions. It is a serious strain upon the resources of the State of Oregon to maintain two state colleges. The taxpayers have responded generously to the demand of the rival schools, but in spite of all they can do neither institution is properly financed. Neither one can ever be properly financed as long as the available funds are divided between them. Indeed it costs the taxpayers a great deal more to support the two colleges inadequately than it would to support a single one lavishly. The buildings, the apparatus, the libraries, the teaching force must be duplicated for the most part as things stand. If Eugene gets a new building it soon appears that Corvallis must also have one. It is not denied that the buildings are usually needed, but if the schools were united a single structure would suffice in most instances where now there must be two.

"The same remark applies to the teaching force. In languages, in science, in literature the taxpayers maintain competing departments. Two sets of salaries are paid without any real necessity and in consequence of this waste of resources neither faculty is as efficient as it might be made. One corps of well-paid teachers could do the work which is now undertaken by two and it would be better done. At the same time the taxpayers would save a considerable sum of money.

"The plea that the two institutions do not duplicate each other's work is infantile. They must duplicate in order to give their students an education that is worth anything. Eugene specializes in literature and languages, perhaps, but it cannot avoid teaching the sciences and their applications. Corvallis specializes in the practical branches, but what would its teaching be worth if literature and language were not included? Duplication of studies, buildings, faculties and apparatus is simply unavoidable. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, it exists, and must continue to exist, until the two schools are united on the same site.

"The union would be better for the faculties. The two schools now employ almost twice as many instructors as would be needed were they combined. Hence the divisor which fixes salaries is about twice as large as it ought to be and the quotient only half as large. Corvallis cannot retain its best and most experienced instructors because they are offered higher pay in the industries. The State ought to be in a position to pay a good instructor something near the salary that he can obtain commercially. Oregon cannot do this now, but if the competing schools were combined there would be nothing to hinder. The young people of Oregon are entitled to the best attainable instruction during their college years. They are deprived of it at present because much of the money which ought to be spent upon a small number of experts is distributed among a large number of men who are not experts. This calamitous waste must go on as long as the schools exist in rivalry.

"Finally the union of the two schools would be better for the taxpayers. They could save a respectable fraction of the money which is now spent upon the higher education and get vastly more desirable results from their outlay. The States which take the lead in public educa-

tion have united their universities and agricultural colleges, Wisconsin and Minnesota are excellent examples. It is much wiser to follow the lead of such States than to imitate Washington. The managers of the Carnegie fund severely criticise the practice of dividing and weakening the schools. One of the objections which they made to Oregon methods strikes at the separation of the university and the agriculture college. It is not only a wicked waste of money, but it actually impairs the benefit of instruction.

"Of course the union of the two schools would cause one of the plants to be used for something else, but that is comparatively a small matter. The annual saving would amount to at least a quarter of a million dollars today. In the years to come the saving will increase rapidly, since each school asks more and more from every successive Legislature. Their demands are three or four times as large now as they were ten years ago and ten years hence they will be again quadrupled. Suppose one of the plants were to be abandoned outright. The loss of investment might amount to $2,000,000, upon which the interest at 5 per cent is $100,000. This measures the sacrifice which must be set over against an annual saving of a quarter of a million, at least, and a probable saving of half a million. The Oregonian does not approve of any effort to hamper the higher education, or to stint the resources of one good State institution of learning, but we say frankly that to maintain two where one would be better is spendthrift folly."

AN OPTIMISTIC MISSIONARY.

W. N. Burr.

I strayed into the Methodist Ministers' Meeting in Los Angeles last Monday morning, and found the air well charged with just two isms—Methodism and optimism. The Methodists do not care to take time for any others; they have their hands full with these two.

I sighted some half-dozen Congregationalists in the well-filled auditorium of the First Methodist Church, and there may have been a good many more of them there for Congregationalists are bent upon pushing their horizon as far back as possible, that they may have knowledge of everything under the sun, as well as vision of affairs above the sun. It was a free-for-all meeting, and the Methodist ministers were greeted with that in which their souls take delight—a crowd.

The special attraction was an address by Bishop M. C. Harris, of Japan and Korea. Bishop Harris, according to the daily press, "is one of the most distinguished Americans in Japan, is a frequent visitor to the palace in Tokio, and has twice been decorated by the Emperor." He is also a Methodist from crown to sole, bubbling over with good-nature and good cheer, and all the other admirable Methodist qualities. I had been forced to overhear a conversation, on the way down to the city, that was filled with dismal socialistic prognostications, and it was a relief to get into a live-wire Methodist meeting and listen to a man with a beaming countenance whose aura was so intensely optimistic that it almost burst into flame visible to the naked eye. If the spiritualists are right concerning the aura which surrounds each individual of us, then give me the bright-faced Methodist for a close companion, rather than the man who lives amid ruins, and so sees nothing but broken columns and shattered images.

Bishop Harris spoke for an hour and more, discussing chiefly the feeling among the Japanese people toward the United States.

"I had a conference with Melville E. Stone not long ago," said he, "and the great man of the Associated press urged me to speak, whenever I might have opportunity, my message concerning the relations between America and Japan. It is a question of tremendous importance. It should receive most serious consideration.

"When I went out to Japan years ago nearly every European or American family kept near at hand a club to use on their Japanese servants. But they treat them more humanely now. All is not as it should be over there yet. There is not a European nor an American social club anywhere in the country that will admit to its membership a Japanese gentleman.

"I am often asked if there is anything in the talk of the newspapers concerning war between Japan and America. There is nothing in it, I can assure you, so far as Japan is concerned. I hold in my hand a letter written by Ambassador O'Brien, in which he says 'there is absolutely no unsettled question between the two nations,' and 'it is highly important that both nations speak out strongly against these rumors.'

"There is no war sentiment in any part of Japan. The Japanese have the military spirit, but it is at bottom a peace spirit. I was in Japan at the time of the war with Russia. I saw a company of Japanese students in one of our Christian schools who, when the news came that Port Arthur had fallen, ran to their prayer-room and thanked God for victory, but followed their thanksgiving immediately with a prayer for Russia. If the nations of the earth were today called to confer together concerning disarmament, Japan would be one of the very first to respond. We have heard much about spies lately. Well, spies have been sent from America to Japan, undoubtedly, but so far as can be found no spies authorized by the Japanese government have been sent to America. Some of us who have lived there so long that we know Japan as well as we know our own country, are as sure as that we live that at bottom there is no war sentiment in Japan. If Japan and America should go to war it would be the blotting out of forty years of civilization.

"But who is it who is at the bottom of all this mischievous war-talk? The newspapers and the correspondents. The New York Herald, which is something of a dictator in the newspaper world, has long been unriendly to Japan. Correspondents are often guilty of pure fabrications. Rumors have been manufactured out of whole cloth.

"But what about American trade interests in Manchuria—is there not likely to be conflict there between America and Japan? Not necessarily. It is true that Japan has come in as a competitor, but I think she will hold herself to that which is reasonable. She is eager for trade, it is true. It is the eagerness of youth in the full flush of youthful achievement. After years of stolid indifference to commercial movements Japan is now in rapid transformation, and is coming to the front as a commercial nation. I can go back to the day when I could not have spoken of money or business in the house of a Japanese gentleman. I would have lost prestige at once. But all that is changed. The sons of nobles are now many of them turning to commercial life.

"But they are saying over there in this new commercial

world, 'put emphasis on character.' The embassy of Japanese business men who visited this country something like a year ago, came back with glowing reports of America commercially; but they reported that the greatest thing they found in America was the Christian church. The leading Japanese business men are becoming supporters of all good work, Christian as well as Buddhist. Japan has all she can do to manage the new life that she is taking on, and she does not want to be bothered with a war for a thousand years to come. And here in America we have all we can do, too, to grow men big enough to be Presidents and statesmen and business men of character, and we have no time to bother with war. Conquest is unnecessary. This country is big enough.

"Well, how about Japan and Korea—has not Japan manifested the grasping spirit in swallowing up Korea? Prior to the consummation of that annexation act I was called into conference by the premier of Japan, and the proposed movement was explained to me. The premier asserted that it was the only logical move for Japan, and that all existing institutions and the work of the American missions would be left undisturbed. Japan and Korea could never get together under Buddha and Confucius. But they are coming together under our Christ—on the higher basis of Christianity. This fact confronts our Christian churches the world over—new China, Japan and Korea are committed to the Christian program. And I wish that you might begin to realize, friends, what America, Christian America—means to a Chinaman, or a Japanese, or a Korean, indeed, what America really is to the world. Why, do you know that the White House is the headquarters of the great world-movement of Christian missions? As a missionary I would not think of going to Washington without reporting to President Taft. I feel that as an ambassador for Jesus Christ I have a right to stand before kings. The Japanese premier talked to me when I was called into conference with him as if he were a Christian premier. 'Please to assure the missionaries,' he said, 'that their religious rights shall be respected. We want you to help us for the sake of Korea. We have confidence in you.'

"And the Koreans. Do you know that not a professed Christian among them has yet deserted the Christian ranks, and that at least fifty thousand of them have come into the fold within the past few months?"

The face of the optimistic bishop was all aglow as he spoke, the natural accompaniment of a sunny heart. As I write these closing words my eye catches these headlines in the evening paper lying on the desk beside me: "Predicts Japanese War in Ten Months. Congressman Hobson Says Yellow Men Are Ready; America Is Not." Now, if the good bishop is right Representative Richard P. Hobson would better rest on his Santiago Bay laurels and not be saying such things as he is reported more than once to have said about probable war with Japan. Who is not ready to hope that it is the Congressman and not the Bishop who is wrong this time?

La Canada, California.

MIXED PURPOSES.

No doubt the poet's tangled aim
His zest in things increases;
Though he's supposed to be "composed,"
He still must go to "pieces."

SOME MAXIMS AND OBSERVATIONS

Growing Out of Two Years' Association With Labor Leaders.

The most decided ultimatums on labor questions often come from people of very local or one-sided experiences. Therefore the following:

Organization is, as a rule, unnecessary where capital is not concentrated or service specialized; and employer and employee are well acquainted as in "the good old days."

Collective and organized capital make collective and organized labor, and collective bargaining, a practical necessity of justice.

Monopoly in industry is likely to mean "closed shop" in labor if the employee is not to virtually become a slave.

A young Englishman, one of the finest Christian Endeavorers I ever met, has been doing "picket duty" for several months in the machinists' strike here.

Ingenuity and co-operation will sometime overcome the present war and hardship.

The "Passing of Humpty Dumpty" and the coming of vocational education will help the coming of Christ. (See Outlook for Jan. 7.)

Eventually the "divine right" of property owner and employer and wage-earner will entirely bow to the general good of our common humanity.

If political democracy means that "sovereignty resides in the people," the same principle must hold true in the control of industry and property. Legality must at last serve love.

That the victory of a "union" for fair conditions in one place should drive an industry to another place does not prove that the "union" was wrong. If it did, we would finally all hire "coolie" labor at 3 cents a day. American manhood and Christian citizenship is not to be maintained by driving onr workingmen to the most unscrupulous centers. The proper solution will demand among other things, the gradual development of wider and wider labor legislation until much of it shall be international.

The growing problem of the unemployed is a forceful argument in favor of shorter hours and more shifts.

A man told me I represented only organized labor; that he stood for all labor; but I failed to hear from him in our recent fight in the legislature for laws protecting working women, and the compensation of the injured; and he could not be induced to attend an arbitration meeting where we were hearing all sides of a strike to be settled.

Organized labor is much like organized Christianity—in often representing the moral good of the unorganized better than they represent themselves. The rule aplies generally, the middle ages and San Francisco to the contrary, notwithstanding. In both organizations also the petty and discouraging features are the local and temporary. The movements taken as a whole are powerful and unlifting.

Intelligent public interest and political action are doing much to alleviate industrial and social difficulties, but there is a pertinent individual opportunity which may be of far deeper value—to decide divinely between the tendencies within ourselves—to boss or influence, to use force or enlightenment, to get rich or enrich, to "rise" ourselves or uplift others, to dominate or inspire, to hate or love, to mope or hope, to criticise or get into the game.

The power of a Spirit-led life is the final force in society though it's medium of expression seems to be no wider than the petty round of daily cares.

The last commission of the Master was merely to teach; but the Book of Revelation has much to say of saints on thrones. W. W.

Seattle.

OUR INTERMEDIATE ENDEAVORERS.

Edith M. Graves, Intermediate Superintendent California C. E. Union.

Our plans for California Intermediates are numerous because our counties are widely separated and present various opportunities. I will suggest some of the lines of our work.

We try to emphasize the surrendered life for the boys and girls, and get them started to win their associates to Christ in our rallies and conferences. As important incidentals to this personal work, we put great importance on the Quiet Hour, and Prayer Circles are always inevitably associated with a live society. (The prayer groups of boys and girls separately to pray for the success of the meeting and the secret unadvertised personal work circle are two distinct kinds.)) The evangelistic note is the predominant one in the larger Intermediate centers. It is this which has caused the outburst of our High school work.

Everywhere the use for methods and practical suggestions is keenly felt. Especially is it necessary to give superintendents and their equipment careful attention. At our last convention we had an Intermediate Workers' Institute for an hour every day. The aim was to present in a brief way some of the principles of education and psychology which would materially aid the workers. One paper which was typical of our speeches was G. Stanley Hall's lecture on "The Budding Girl and the Boy in His Teens." This was read and it clearly stated the perplexing characteristics of the normal girl and boy in the adolescent stage. Many superintendents personally expressed their apreciation of this, and agreed to go home and work more persistently than ever before. Every morning for fifteen minutes we had a strong devotional talk and prayer. The secret of our effective service, namely, the Holy Spirit in us was not obscured. The spiritual was not minimized, but the wisdom to do intelligent service was not to be found only in the Bible. Other books were suggested for the superintendents to use and for the Intermediates themselves.

This year we intend to have a similar time for the superintendents. They always need help. This is one of my big responsibilities to keep them so they will reach their boys and girls.

Another avenue of approach has been our boys' and girls' meetings. There have been increased demands for them, and, personally, I have had to do research work so as to be able to lead the girls' meetings, giving simple heart to heart purity talks. Our two field secretaries are always ready to do this for the boys.

These are only suggestions, but if we are to reach the adolescents all about us, we simply must be alert and intelligent to aproach the individual and society problems in the light of present educational helps. We must recognize one of our biggest tasks is to inspire and train leaders for the work. Come to the State C. E. Convention at Santa Ana, June 7-11, and we will talk it all over.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Mill Valley.—A lot has been purchased down town just opposite the public library and plans are being fomulated for a new church building in this more desirable location.

San Francisco, First.—The pulpit will be occupied for the next two Sundays by the Rev. Dr. Roland Dwight Grant of Boston.

Oakland, First.—The Rev. Robert McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, has been engaged as pulpit supply for the months of March and April.

Sebastopol.—An order of the Knights of King Arthur has been organized in Sebastopol by the Rev. G. H. Hull, pastor of the Congregational church. It starts with a membership of twenty-five. The members of the order pledge themselves to come every Sunday to Sunday school and to remain for the preaching service. Mr. Hull, who has been in charge at Sebastopol about two months, finds a large increase in church attendance, and a phenomenal growth in the Sunday school.

THE REV. SENECA JONES.

The Rev. Seneca Jones, pastor of the Congregational Church at Auburn, California, passed into the life beyond from his home in Auburn on Thursday, February 23, in his 64th year. Born in Cincinnati, he came with his father to San Francisco, when he was two years old. He was a graduate of the University of the Pacific at San Jose and was for many years in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Jones went from a Congregational pastorate of several years at Suisun to the church at Auburn last year and was greatly beloved in the community.

Judge Prewett of Auburn says of him in the local paper: "He was one of the best type of Western ministers, a philosopher, profound thinker and Christian leader."

The Rev. Dr. Charles Van Norden writes:

"The sudden death of Rev. Seneca Jones, pastor of the Congregational church of Auburn, has shocked our entire community. It was the unexpected fall of aleader of great personal power and of widespread influence. Marvelous it is, that a little village church should ever have secured the services of one so strong, wise and eloquent; and his departure leaves his congregation dazed. He was seemingly in his prime, his influence in this community was increasing by bounds, friends many were rallying around him, audiences were increasing and large success was in sight. His demise leaves a gap that shows his worth. He loved Auburn and was exceedingly happy here; and Auburn was learning to love and revere him. His loss is simply irreparable.

"It is useless to enumerate the good qualities of such a man. His was a personality too large for petty analysis. His knowledge covered an immense field, his sympathies were with all men suffering, with all men inquiring, all men aspiring. As a ready speaker and debater his gifts were extraordinary. Simple hearted, transparent as glass, he was eager for debate, courteous to an adversary, able to appreciate the other side, asking for no personal glory, seeking only to get at the truth. With religious self-devotion and zeal of a martyr he combined the widest charity and in

him was nothing of the sectarist or bigot.

"In his home he was model husband and father. As a pulpit orator he was without a superior on this cost."

MISSIONARY MEETINGS..

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, Woman's Home Missionary Union.

The mid-year meeting of the Woman's Board will be held at Pilgrim Congregational church, Oakland, Wednesday, March 15. Sessions, 10 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union will be held Thursday, March 16. Sessions, 10 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Notice of place in next issue of The Pacific.

WASHINGTON.

Vancouver.—A fine new church building has been finished at a cost of $20,000. It will give Congregationalism a more substantial hold and a far wider influence for good in Vancouver.

Port Townsend.—The furniture and fixtures in the Congregational church at this place, built in 1889 at a cost of five thousand dollars have been given to the new church at Irondale and were moved there on a scow last week. No services have been held by the Congregationalists for several years. The church was a strong and influential one for several years after its organization, but the failure of expected railroad connections so depleted the town for awhile and so weakened it that the work was discontinued, and the building turned over to the Church Building Society, which still holds it.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

A new Congregational Church was organized at Waverleigh Heights, South Portland, last Monday. This church is the result of work of the Congregational City Missionary Society, of which Rev. D. B. Gray is superintendent. The church will be under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Winey, who began a Sunday-school there several months ago, with twenty-five in attendance. Now the attendance is ninety-five.

The annual meeting of the Congregational City Missionary Society of Portland was held last Tuesday, in First Church. The meeting was preceded by a banquet at 6:45 p. m., and was well attended. Rev. Mr. Paddock, D.D., superintendent of the State Home Missionary Society, presided and the president of the Society, Mr. Kribs. Election of officers and submission of annual reports of superintendent and treasurer, was the principal business. The report of the superintendent gave a review of the work of the year, which was very encouraging in respect to the amount of work acomplished, but somewhat discouraging, over the inability of the Society, on account of scarcity of funds, to enter into and take possession of the fields that are ready to occupy. This society has been very careful about entering fields where other churches had begun work—only beginning its work in localities where there was no Christian work by any one. Brief addresses were made by Rev. W. C. Kantner, D.D., Mr. Lewis, of Seattle, Rev. E. S. Bollinger, Rev. H. S. Crocker, Dr. Paddock and Dr. Dyott

Rev Philip E. Bauer, of the First Church, Salem, has just finished payment on a small tract of garden land near Oregon City, which is to be the permanent home of his aged father and mother. The old gentleman expects to do considerable farming upon this tract.

Last Friday evening was the occasion of the bi-annual meeting of the Social Union of Pacific University, and it was held at Herrick Hall. A number of the pioneers of Oregon and some of the first students of the institution were present. The first speaker was Mrs. Elizabeth Millar Wilson, who was one of the five young ladies who came to Oregon in April, 1851, via the Isthmus, in response to a call for teachers by Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, upon Gov. Wm. Slade, of Vermont, in 1849. At that time Gov. Slade was the president of an Educational Society in New England, an organization created to provide teachers for western schools. He had numerous applicants for western schools, but it was difficult to find teachers who would consent to go as far away as Oregon. Mrs. Wilson was the first one to consent to go to the Pacific Coast. It required a year's time to assemble the other four. The first position Mrs. Wilson had was that of instructor in Tualatin Academy, soon after her arrival. Her reminiscences of the years 1881-1852, replete with allusions to Rev. Harney Clark, "Grandma Brown," and others, were full of interest. Mrs. Wilson recently celebrated her eightieth birthday.

She was followed with remarks by Mrs. P. J. Mann, of Portland, who with her husband founded the "Home for the Aged," a new enterprise, well endowed by the founders, and dedicated a few weeks ago, Mrs. Georgia Hughes, and Mrs. C. A. Coburn, of the editorial staff of The Oregonian—a sister of the late H. W. Scott—all students before 1860.

The twenty-sixth biennial session of the Oregon legislature adjourned a week ago. No previous session of this body has been so sharply criticised as this. And this, too, in spite of the fact that the members were elected under the direct primary law. "Finding fault" is the privilege of an American citizen—a prerogative that he never hesitates to take advantage of. Of the 90 members—30 in the Senate and 60 in the House—less than half a dozen confessed to be Democrats; yet the strife in the body was as pronounced as if the members had been elected from two political parties of widely divergent views, and nearly equal strength.

The new governor, Hon. Oswald West, is a pronounced Democrat, and has just finished giving the quietus to the by the exercise of his veto power. A number of his vetos killed appropriation bills, thus reducing the demands upon the State treasury in the sum of $613,574.53, leaving as the net amount appropriated to carry on State affairs for the next two years the sum of $4,340,832.75.

Salem, Feb. 26, 1911.

NATIONAL COUNCIL REPORT.

The secretary of the National Council has been unable to reach some of the ministers because of change of addresses.

All are entitled to a copy of the Minutes and Addresses recently published and if not already received should mail a card to Secretary Anderson at 14 Beacon street, Boston, giving correct address.

THE LINCOLN CHURCH TO THE FRUITVALE CHURCH.

February 22 a letter, signed by the Rev. C. C. Cragin, pastor, and J. B. DeGolger, clerk, was framed and mailed, the substantial part of which was:

"We deeply appreciate your kindness and unselfishness in giving your pastor, Rev. Burton M. Palmer, a leave of absence to labor among us for a week and more as your

representative. Mr. Palmer's pulpit work has been of the highest order, clear, strong, instructive, convincing, inspirational, biblical and spiritual. His pastoral work has been equally valuable—wise, sympathetic and persuasive, and illustrative of the spirit of the Master. His visit cannot but result in much good. We thank pastor and people for this beautiful and disinterested expression of Christian fellowship. The pastor of this church has thrice had the help of Mr. Palmer in special gospel meetings, and each time the work in the pulpit and the home has seemed better and more effective than the preceding. May you all be richly blessed in your work and testimony for the Lord Jesus Christ."

The Home.

JOY COMETH WITH THE MORNING.

Out of the dreams and dust of ages,
Hindu reverie, Hebrew boy,
Deeds of heroes, and lore of sages,
Comes the hope that turns to joy.
But the rosy light of the morning teaches
A blither knowledge than books can tell,
And the song that runs through the orchard preaches
The ceaseless message that all is well.

Hark to the lesson that Nature meaneth!
List to the breeze on the pine-clad hill!
See, the sun-rays stream to the zenith!
Thrice the oriole whistles shrill.
Myriad odors are faint and tender,
Sweet notes come from the woodlands far;
Draw fresh life from the day's new splendor,
Pluck thy hope from the morning star.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

RISING ABOVE PETTINESS.

Only a little person can be touched by little things. When I hear a woman complain of a slight upon her or an insult she has received, I am ashamed of as well as sorry for her.

I wonder why she does not try to hide the happening, instead of telling it abroad in a childish hunt for sympathy, for in reality the blame is partly hers.

It is possible for every one of us to have so fine a dignity and self-respect that an attempt to slight or insult us would be like firing a pop-gun at a lion.

A favorite anecdote that those who love her tell of Alice Freeman Palmer is this:

One of those women who are forever thinking themselves aggrieved and slighted came to Miss Freeman with her troubles.

"Why not be superior to these things and let them go unregarded? You will soon find you have nothing to regard," Wellesley's famous president suggested gently.

"Miss Freeman," retorted Miss S——, "I wonder how you would like to be insulted."

Miss Freeman drew herself up with splendid dignity.

Miss S——, there is no one living who could insult me," she answered.

Now, Alice Freeman Palmer was a distinguished college president, but that does not mean that one must be of a high station to possess that dignity. It is a matter of character rather than of station, a result of self-respect rather than of external conditions.

I have seen it in people of lowly estate, just as I have seen it lacking in many who had wealth and position. One of the best exhibitions of it I ever saw was in a shop girl.

While I was waiting to be served the other day I had the opportunity of seeing one of the most disagreeable women I ever laid eyes on.

She asked for a certain kind of lace. The shop girl patiently showed her half a hundred varieties, with each of which she found some fault—"too common-place," "not bold enough," etc. The girl patietly tried box after box, and finally said that was all the shop had in stock.

"I know there must be others up on those shelves that you are not showing me," said the most disagreeable one, petulantly.

"I have shown you all there are, madam," the girl answered quietly.

"I feel sure you have just what I want right there, only you won't look or it," was the maddening answer as the disagreeable one flounced away.

"How can you endure people like that?" I asked the girl, red hot with the fury she did not seem to feel for herself.

"O, we think they just don't know any better," she answered quite calmly.

Now, wouldn't that have enraged the disagreeable one?

And wasn't it a truly splendid example of the dignity that sheds insult as a duck's back sheds water?

Hold yourself above slight and rudeness or insult. Next time you start to feel aggrieved remember Miss Freeman's advice: "Be superior to these things and let them go unregarded. You will soon find you have nothing to regard."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SAYING NO.

The author of "Pat M'Carty," a recent book of verse with a setting of prose, shows how addicted some of the Irishmen of Antrim are to verbiage:

Says I to him, I says, says I,
Says I to him, I says,
The thing, says I, I says to him,
Is just, says I, this ways.
I hev, says I, a great respeck
For you and for your breed,
And onything I cud, I says,
I'd do, I wud indeed.
I don't know any man, I says,
I'd do it for, says I,
As fast, I says, as for yoursel',
That's tellin' ye no lie.
There's nought, says I, I wudn't do
To plase your feyther's son,
But this, I says, ye see, says I,
I says, it can't be done.

—Youths Companion.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

Whatever lies beyond his ken
The true agnostic must oppose;
He's one of those short-sighted men
Who cannot see beyond his "knows."

MOTHER'S THREATS.

A lady returning from England on one of the great ocean steamers narrated a horrifying incident which occurred on the home journey. It amply illustrates the folly and danger of attempting to exact obedience from children by means of threats intended to inspire them with fear.

A mother was crossing with her three children unattended. Being obliged to leave them alone in th stateroom for a time, she warned them in a fashion common among mothers that she would throw the child who created any disturbance during her absence out of the porthole, if any commotion was detected on her return. The children were all young, the oldest being under eight years. While the mother was away on her errand, the baby of the party began to cry. She was a tiny baby, less than six months old, and easily handled by her sisters, who, finding their efforts to pacify her unavailing, promptly pushed her through the porthole and into the Atlantic ocean, reasoning perhaps that they were saving their mother the trouble.

The mother returned, immediately missed her youngest. Wild questioning elicited the facts detailed above. The baby of course was never recovered, and the mother, lapsing into what was blessed unconsciousness at the time awoke a raving maniac, and is considered hopelessly insane.

An awful story, truly! Who is to profit by its lesson? The children are too young to be lastingly impressed by either the horror or the example in such an experience, although as a memory and ocurrence which will always sadden their lives, it may ultimately bear fruit. The mother is beyond benefit of any kind. Poor woman, she meant no more than do thousands of women who use the very same means to beguile quiet and good behavior from their little sons and daughters. Many women need to be brought to their senses in this respect, for it is a rare mother who does not use some form of persuasive argument which is not healthy for the child's ideas of why he should do as he is bidden by his parents.

At one of the summer resorts near Boston recently I heard a mother threaten her four-year-old daughter with words which made me open my eyes with genuine surprise. She was a woman who prided herself upon her refinement and elegance, and who held herself and child aloof from what she considered the common run of people. Like many a child brought up without sisters or brothers, and with an exalted idea of her own importance in the world, this little girl had the habit of contradicting her mother in public, and of replying very impudently to her mother's remarks on occasions. The mother was often exasperated by the child's manner toward her, though half the time she made light of it, and called attention to her baby's "smart" or "cute" sayings. But when angered her favorite method of expressing her disapproval was: "Eleanor, if you say that again I'll cut your tongue right out of your mouth. I won't have my little girl talk so."

Eleanor had been threatened with this awful fate so many times without result that if it ever had any terrors for her, it had long ago lost its powers to appall. However, it gave her an idea. Tongues could be cut out. So when "Georgie," another sojourner at the same resort, whose young mother was in the habit of telling him to "shut up" whenever he cried out in baby petulance, told Eleanor to "shut up, and get out of the swing," I, for one, was not greatly surprised that Eleanor should try to cut Georgie's tongue out with a pair of manicure scissors which some one had left in the swing. "Just for saying those naughty words," she explained to her mother, as that irate woman jerked the child to her feet, and marched her upstairs, there to threaten her mayhap with the selfsame torture over again for the ninety-nine thousandth time.

Luckily 'Georgie" wasn't even scratched; but Eleanor's murderous assault upon him precipitated a bitter battle of words between the mothers, and peace was never adjusted. Georgie's mother called Eleanor "a little murderess," and Eleanor's mother spoke of Georgie as that "profane little boy," and consequently warned Eleanor to keep out of his company.

I am not a strong supporter of spanking as a means of punishment, though in cases I am sure it is the wisest course to follow and productive of the best results. I prefer spanking, however, to threats which never materialize and to that order of threat which promises torture and fearful consequences if the child does not do as he is bidden. Obedience should be required of children on its merit, and not in order to escape the "bogey man," having one's tongue cut out, or immunity from being pushed through a porthole. You may escape the tragic consequence of such imbecile remarks, but there is always a reckoning of some kind sooner or later.

One of the most successful mothers that I ever knew, all things considered, reared twelve children on the principle that anything that was promised them would materialize. When they did any wrong they were told to step into mother's bedroom until she could attend to them. They knew what to expect, and that it was coming just as sure as the setting of the sun. So effectually did she attend to them that as a family they were noted far and wide for their good behavior and habits of obedience.—Boston Journal.

TO FATHER TIME.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight!
Give us an autoless day and night.
Give us a "yellow" sans headlines to scan,
A rustleless skirt, and a hustleless man.
A babe teddy-bearless, a microbeless kiss,
A fistic fight fakeless, a straight-frontless miss,
A giggleless schoolgirl, and—better than that!—
A summer-clad college man wearing a hat!
I know, Father Time, that I'm asking too much.
But turn to a day ere a dinner was lunch.
Swing back to a day peroxideless for hair—
An aeon ere "rats" made their rendezvous there—
An old-fashioned breakfast without Shredded Hay,
A season when farmers went whineless a day,
A burgh moving-pictureless—ah, what a treat!
A gumless girl town and a trolleyless street;
I'm asking too much, but I pray, Daddy Time,
For days when a song had both substance and rhyme!

—The Bohemian.

"I'd like to be an iditor. They'se nawthin' so hard as mindin' ye'r own business, an' an iditor never has to do that."—Mr. Dooley.

NAGGING IS FATAL.

This is the conclusion reached by a physical trainer after years spent in trying to restore abnormal bodies to normal condition. A child that is nagged at never holds itself well, he declares. Its deportment betrays its mental attitude, and to the trained eye of the physical training instructor the round shoulders and apologetic air tell their own story in the case of a child whose physique otherwise reveals no sign of constitutional weakness.

The attitude of the body discloses in a marvelous way that of the mind, and many parents would be astonished to learn that the bearing of their children reflects their home influences in a very unflattering light.

While lunching with a lady the other day, he says, I listened to a tale of distress about her little boy's flat chest. Presently the child came in from school, running excitedly to show his new "jography" book with colored pictures. "O, yes, dear, but don't start with it now; go and wash your hands and get tidy." The child's enthusiastic little face fell, his flat little chest seemed flatter still, and he resignedly put away his book and left the room. There will be little chance for that child's chest until his mother learns to express her affection more positively in the form of active and ready sympathy, not merely negatively in the form of anxiety. The glow of enthusiasm which was swelling the child's heart literally as well as metaphorically was quenched by the chilly reception. The expanded chest which accompanied the movement of enthusiasm collapsed at once like a pricked bubble.

Give your children encouragement rather than criticism, sympathy rather than reproof, and, while they are in the awkward age at least, do not add to their self-consciousness by constantly drawing attention to their faults. —The Continent.

BITS ABOUT OUR BETTYS.

A winsome miss is generally able to win some mister.

Some girls are taken at their face value and some at their pa value.

A good deal depends on the dressing when it comes to girls and salads.

It only takes a "he" to convert an "artless" girl into a "heartless" one.

Ask a girl for a lock of her hair nowadays and she won't require any scissors.

When a young man's attention is arrested by a girl he is generally brought to court.

A pretty girl and a philosopher are both apt to be enamored of their own reflections.

LOGIC.

Here is a pretty quibble from the new edition of "Logic for the Million," which Sharper Knowlson has prepared:

David said in his wrath, All men are liars.

Therefore, David was a liar.

Therefore, what David said was not true.

Therefore, David was not a liar.

But if David was not a liar, what he said was true, namely that all men are liars.

In the orchard none knows which came first,
Pear, apple, peach or cherry,
But with small fruits we can clearly see
Which one is the elder-berry.

Our Young People

A SLUMBER SONG.

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
Here's the harbor, still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, instreaming,
Up the channel creep.
See, the sunset breeze is dying,
Hark, the plover landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying,
"Come to anchor, little boatie,
In the port of Sleep."

Far away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep sea trawling,
In the darkness rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling:
"God protect him, little boatie,
"God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home."

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the tide and weary sea,
You're too slender and too tender,
You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore, and playing,
Come to port, make no delaying!
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
Fold your wings, my tired dove,
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling,
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbor lights of love.

—Henry Van Dyke.

HOW "TATTERS" TOOK A BLUE RIBBON.

Harriet T. Comstock.

And now I am going to tell you how it was that a certain little dog took a blue ribbon at the dog show.

Tatters was born in March. It was a warm, bright March, so the baby puppy and its mother did not mind about their home much. To be sure, an old deserted shed is not a very elegant residence at any season of the year, but Tatters' mother was a genuine tramp with a soul that never soared above a higher ambition than convenient and well-filled garbage cans, and how was she to know that Tatters had a different nature?

Well, for a little time the shed did well enough, for no one came to molest the two dogs and everything was peaceful.

Very early Tatters—though he had no name then—displayed traits of character that were most disturbing. For instance, he refused to be content to live for food alone.

Indeed, after eating, he was ready for a romp, and teased his mother shamefully. She, poor creature, had enough to do in securing food. She was ready for rest once her maternal duties were performed, but not so Tatters! He frolicked and capered and nosed about in a distracting way. He was very funny on his wobbly fat legs, and often his mother had to shut her eyes for fear she would laugh if she watched him, and she did not intend being one of those weak, silly mothers who dote on their offspring.

It was late in May when Tatters' mother began to think long, dreadful thoughts about deserting her child. The fact was that Tatters was a good deal of a nuisance to his mother. Besides his everlasting desire for fun, he was developing traits that angered his parent greatly. He would wander far and refuse to obey her calls. He took to crying for the moon and mistaking night for day. And so it was that the mother dog planned to desert her puppy and take to her tramp life again unhampered by silly little Tatters. In early June the fearful thing was done. One warm evening the mother came not to the lonely shed, and Tatters, sitting forlornly on his small haunches, cried for her, whined for her, and then went to sleep hungry.

The next day he faced a hard proposition, but the something in Tatters that his mother did not understand saved him. He determined to make the best of things and seek his fortune in the world. For a good long time he had been discontented with the shed; there was a house down the road much nicer and more respectable; and, if only a dog was wise enough to time his visits, there was always a bite at the back door.

To be sure most of the people in the house drove him off with bitter words of scorn. He was called by them "beast," "cur," "dirty little rascal," and other hard names, not to mention sticks and stones that were worse than names. But at the back door, when the other people were away, a kind hand passed out food to Tatters and a gentle voice soothed his feelings with, "There, there, you sorry little critter!"

Now, how Tatters knew that he must not seek that back door as a permanency in his time of trouble, I do not know. He meant to reserve it for emergencies only. Well, the warm summer weather was kind to Tatters and he soon discovered means of getting food and drink that relieved him of all anxiety. In those golden days he gave himself up to fun and had the very best time imaginable. All the tramp part of him came to the fore. He was dirty, unkempt, and unruly. He learned to know boys and size them up. With some he became friends and shared their play; with others he put his tail between his legs and looked ugly. In those carefree days he disliked girls, and caused them no end of terror by his evident disapproval of their flying skirts and tempting ankles.

He seemed to have a grudge against well-fed and gaudily attired dogs, too. No dog wearing a bow of ribbon on his collar was safe where Tatters was! At least the ribbon bow was not. By his disgraceful attacks on pet dogs he made himself most unpopular in the civilized neighborhood to which he had become attached for some unknown reason.

In his mind Tatters evolved a belief that a dog who wore a ribbon on his collar was quarry for him, and generally he was right; but late in September Tatters' belief got a terrific shock.

Tatters was feeling particularly fine that September day. He had had a good—though stolen—meal, a fine swim in the park lake, and a delicious roll in the dusty road afterward. I am sure had it been possible, Tatters would have been whistling, with his hands in his pockets, that brilliant day. He was in great spirits, and felt himself the king of all he observed. And just then he observed Babbie Conley coming down the street with her fine Boston bull at her heels.

The Boston bull was a newcomer in the neighborhood, and was so hideous to look at that no one ever doubted his blue blood and dignified ancestry. He was washed and brushed until he shone, and on his nail-studded collar was a huge pink bow that stood crisply out under his right ear.

The Boston bull was ashamed of himself. He abhored ribbon bows as much as any other self-respecting dog, but he was too well bred to make trouble, and so was bearing his disgrace in that calm, lofty detachment of spirit that marks the true aristocrat.

And then Tatters came abreast of the Boston bull, and with no intention whatever of what he meant to do, he did it! With one quick leap he caught that glorious pink bow between his sharp teeth and pulled it with a vengeance.

For a moment the surprised Boston bull was filled with conflicting emotions. Heaven knew he did not resent the loss of the detested ribbon, but the mode of procedure that Tatters had selected caused every drop of his pedigreed blood to rise in revolt.

With a deep growl he made for Tatters, and—in the words of the street—"did him up."

Babbie Conley rent the air with her terrified shrieks; small boys shouted delirious approval of the scene; but finally a big man came to the rescue and parted the fighters, and the face of nature settled into calm.

Tatters slunk away, a wiser and more battered dog. Those were hard days which followed for poor Tatters. Fear and bodily damage made it almost imposible for him to get food and drink. Hiding in the once despised shed, he almost starved to death. He had time and to spare for thought and remorse. I say he had time, and I think he did think, but I leave that to you to decide. I think that he thought that you cannot always tell a dog by his ribbons, any more than you can tell folks by their clothes. And I think he thought how beautiful a thing it must be to have someone shriek for you as Babbie Conley shrieked that day for her dog—though it was Tatters, not the Boston bull, who had needed the shriek!

But whether Tatters thought or not, this I know: when once he got nerve and strength enough to issue forth to mingle with his kind again, he decided to get himself adopted. The efforts he made were pitiful and discouraging but he never lost heart. The tramp element was all gone now, and the beautiful something in Tatters rose strong and pure. His eye began to have that deep, true look that somehow spared him many a cuff and kick. If once Tatters caught your eye you did not hurt him bodily, whatever else you may have done to his honest yearning heart.

Tatters, with the resolve for adoption absorbing him, picked out his future mistress. Now that the time had come, he preferred a girl to a boy. He dared not approach Babbie Conley, but he chose her bosom friend, Helen Ware. "There's that nasty dog following you!" Babbie exclaimed one day. She was tugging her Boston bull along by a leash. "He's the terrible creature that tore Prince's ribbon off."

Prince, in his heart of hearts, respected Tatters, for he knew full well that the fight that day had been a good stiff one, and there had been honor in Tatter's defeat. "He's got nice eyes," Helen answered. "Poor doggie,"

Tatters leaped for joy.

Another time, just as Helen was about to get into the carriage with her mother, Tatters rushed up as if to join them.

"Mercy! what a hideous dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Ware.

"But look at his eyes, mother!"

"Now, Helen, none of that! No dogs, you know." Then winter came on and the future stared Tatters bleakly and hungrily in the face. He never lost heart, but he often had a very heavy one.

It was just about Christmas when Helen ran over to Babbie Conley's in the early evening to talk over some secrets. As she ran along she heard the patter behind her that was beginning to be familiar. Yes, there close at her heels was Tatters. Thin and distressed he looked—but faithful!

Helen tried not to notice him, but Tatters insisted upon recognition. He leaped and cavorted and acted so cunning that Helen had to stop and feed him a bit of fudge from the boxful she was taking over to Babbie. Fudge may not be the most satisfying food for a starving dog; but love met love over the frugal bite, and Tatters quivered with delight.

Helen was in Babbie's house a long time. The fire was warm and bright, and the secrets thrilling. The Boston bull was in his best mood, and poor Tatters was quite forgotten until Prince went to the window, growled and drew the girls' attention.

There, close to the outside of the window, was shivering Tatters, his nose pressed to the glass.

It was then that Helen asked the old, worn-out question: "Why should Prince have all the warmth, the care—the inside of things—and that poor doggie have nothing?"

There were tears in Helen's sweet eyes as she spoke, but Babbie replied, as the world always does.

"O, because, you know!"

But a big resolve rose in Helen's heart. Once again she would make an effort in Tatter's behalf. And that very evening she got her mother to promise that she might give Tatters a chance for a better and a cleaner life.

Tatters was adopted!

All that winter Helen wrestled with Tatters. It was quite a secret; no one but mother and Uncle Tom knew. First, the poor dog's health had to be looked to; then proper food and timely baths.

The hidden something in Tatters grew larger and braver; it conquered the plain dog of him, and by springtime he was an honor to the tender heart that loved him.

Such a grateful, joyous little fellow he was, too. So obedient and responsive. Then came the dog show, and it was Uncle Tom who proposed that Tatters should be entered. "And," said Uncle Tom, "I think a little not of explanation should go with him."

Helen wrote the explanation. It was very short, and it was tacked on Tatter's cage by the manager:

"Tatters Ware. Born a Tramp—is now a Gentleman. He hath done what he could."

Of course Prince Conley was entered, and it happened that he was placed next to Tatters.

I am quite sure that some sort of explanation passed between the dogs, for after the show they were the best of friends and pattered behind their little mistresses in perfect accord.

But at the show! O, what a victory the whole thing was!

Many people paused to read the slip of paper over Tatters, and then they looked at the "gentleman," while their eyes grew dim.

Some thought he should have a first prize for the effort he had made, but the judges respected Tatters too much to offer him anything but his own. So he got a blue ribbon and was praised and petted. There was a whole column in the paper about him, and his picture, with the inscription, "He hath done what he could," was in a leading magazine.

"And you see, Babbie," Helen said one day, "God did not mean that some dogs should have all the inside and others the outside; he only means for us to find a way to even things up."

And Babbie had not a word to say.—The Christian Register.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow;
And, though the blossoms blow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On limbs of thorns were set;
So, if you good would get,
Good you must be. —Alice Cary.

WHAT THE LITTLE SHOES SAID.

I saw two little dusty shoes
A-standing by the bed;
They suddenly began to talk,
And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be;
We've been 'most everywhere;
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

"He's had his bath and sweetly sleeps
'Twixt sheets both cool and clean,
While we are left to stand outside;
Now, don't you think it's mean?

"We've carried him from morn till night;
He's quite forgot, that's plain;
While here we watch and wait and wait,
Till morning comes again.

"And then he'll tramp and tramp and tramp
The livelong summer day;
Now this is what we'd like to do—
Just carry him away

"Where he could never go to bed,
But stay up all night,
Unwashed and covered o'er with dust—
Indeed, 'twould serve him right!"
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